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THE VACCINE SCOURGE.

No. III.

CONTAINING THE CAMBRIDGE REPORT,

WITH

A POETICAL & PHILOSOPHICAL EPISTLE

FROM

A BONE-SETTER.

A ROD FOR THE FOOL'S BACK.

London: Printed for the Editor, and sold by J. CALLOW,
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1810.

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THE VACCINE SCOURGE.

THE second number of this publication contains the Report of the Royal Jennerian Society, concerning the false alarm at Ringwood; the present contains their Report concerning the false alarm at Cambridge.

The accuracy of the former was questioned by Mr. Birch; and it is reasonable to expect, that when a man has circulated a false report, he should endeavour to defend it.

It was also questioned by Dr. Carneiro, a Portuguese:—"This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge."

The truth is, he came over to England determined to oppose vaccination; and, as birds

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of a feather flock together, it was natural that he should associate with such characters as Dr. Moseley, Dr. M'Lean, Dr. Reece, Dr. Caton, Dr. Squirrel, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Alcock, Mr. Gaunt, Mr. John Gale Jones, and Mr. Lipscomb.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

As a specimen of his candour, the Editors of the London Medical Review observe, that the Ringwood cases cut a great figure in his book; but he takes no notice whatever of the inquiry into those cases, and their successful termination.

They also observe, that whatever lies the anti-vaccinists tell, he seems to be such a fool as to believe them; and that his book, however harmless it is in this country, may do some mischief in Portugal, where medical science is at a low ebb.

The Ringwood Report has nothing to fear from such opponents; but the Cambridge Report has antagonists of a different stamp to contend with; having been attacked by that doughty knight Sir Isaac Pennington, the Regius Professor, and Mr. David Wray, once a Grocer, now a Bone-setter, Apothecary, and Man-midwife of that place.

These two gentlemen felt sore on reading the Cambridge Report. Let the galled jade wince. It was Sir Isaac who talked about small-pox without eruptions, and cow-pox without inflammation; it was Mr. David Wray who inoculated for the small-pox with a seton, and, when failures had occurred, pretended it was the cow-pox.

Some people imagine, as Sir Isaac is a Professor, and a Royal Professor too, that he gives lectures on the healing art, and those of no ordinary kind; but as there is no royal road to geometry, so, alas! there is no royal road to physic. The fountains of medical science, in both our English universities, are dried up; and medical students are under the necessity of seeking elsewhere that instruction, which their own alma mater denies.

This is certainly a national reflection, but it may well be doubted whether it is a national loss. Let any man read the following extract of a note from Sir Isaac Pennington to Mr. Thackeray, and then decide the question.

“ Sir Isaac Pennington has seen Bush’s children in Castle-end. They were vaccinated on Friday the 29th ult. and *none of their arms inflamed.*

“ One of them sickened of the small-pox on *the second day after vaccination*, and another

on the fourth. These had taken the infection *before they were vaccinated.*

“The third child sickened of the small-pox on the 16th, and died on the 22d day after vaccination. This had caught the small-pox from one of the others, and could not have any infection at the time it was vaccinated.”

Here, to use the language of that learned body to which the worthy knight belongs, on a similar occasion, Sir Isaac convicts himself of “gross ignorance, or wilful misrepresentation,” by pretending that these three children had been vaccinated previously to the occurrence of the small-pox; and then giving us to understand, in the very same breath, that their arms never inflamed, and consequently that they were not vaccinated at all.

But as if even this specimen of his profound ignorance of the subject of vaccination, which he pretends to know better than any member of the Jennerian Society, were not sufficient, he sometime afterwards brought up to the College of Physicians, what he calls, “A list of persons who have lately had the small-pox in Cambridge, after vaccination with proper effect;” and then, to heighten the farce, and shew how well he was acquainted with what was going forward in the medical world, he entered into a correspondence with the

editor of the Medical Observer; a work in which he and his colleagues are represented as no better than so many old women.

To shew how far he is a judge of the proper effect of vaccination, he subjoins the following remarks. “ In addition to the list sent herewith, I have seen seven cases of natural small-pox, in which vaccination had been previously tried, and in four of them repeatedly, *without producing any effect*.

Here Sir Isaac forgets the old adage, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. If we were to reckon up all the Royal Professors of Physic at Cambridge, who have taught that inestimable art *with effect*, and then to mention Sir Isaac, who does not teach it at all, we should make a very poor addition to the list.

So conscious are the College of Physicians, that Sir Isaac, who differs in opinion from every other fellow of that learned society, is incompetent to decide such a question, that they have not published his letter, which otherwise they were in duty bound to do, lest they should expose their brother's nakedness. It is a strong argument, against the probability of his statement, that the greatest number of patients, in Cambridge and the neighbourhood, were vaccinated by Mr. Thackeray; but the greatest number of failures, even according to

his own account, occurred in the practice of Mr. Okes and his assistant.

It is not likely that vaccination, if properly conducted, would prove so much more unsuccessful at Cambridge than elsewhere; nor that Sir Isaac, of whose extraordinary discernment nobody ever heard till then, should at once discover such frequent failures in the practice, which all the rest of the College of Physicians, when commanded by the King and Parliament of Great Britain, had so long endeavoured to discover, but in vain. It must, however, be recollected, that the great champion of vaccination at Cambridge, was Mr. Thackeray, on whom Sir Isaac has always looked with a jealous eye.

Sir Isaac, who reaps where he has not sown, and finds professional science where he has not planted it, examines the candidates for the medical diploma of that university; and, when Mr. Thackeray offered himself as a candidate for that honour, Sir Isaac refused to examine him, because he had polluted his hands with surgery; though he has examined others, who had polluted their hands with the pestle and mortar.

This is the more singular, as Mr. Thackeray sought elsewhere, what was not to be obtained at Cambridge; and had the best medical educa-

tion which London, Edinburgh, and Paris, could afford. Nay, it is asserted, that he did not ask for his diploma, till he had complied with academic forms, by keeping his terms at Emanuel's, and eating as many College puddings as the statutes of the University require.

Some people are so ill-natured as to suspect, that Sir Isaac refused Mr. Thackeray his diploma, not because he had defiled his hands with surgery, as Hippocrates and Galen had done before him, but because he was a formidable rival; that he therefore determined to mortify him, and to stifle his bantling in the birth.

This accounts for his antipathy to vaccination; and whatever public-spirited motives the opponents of the practice may pretend to, there is not a single instance on record, in which their hostility may not be clearly traced either to personal interest, or private resentment, or to both.

So anxious was Sir Isaac to explode vaccination, that when he met with the chicken-pox after the cow-pock, he called it the small-pox, as other anti-vaccinists had done before him. Such, indeed, was the virulence, which he displayed in the controversy, that when the deputation waited on him, to inquire into the reports, propagated by him and his partisans,

they could scarcely believe it was a learned Professor with whom they were conversing; it seemed rather to be Dr. Moseley, or Mr. Birch, or Dr. Rowley revived.

The chicken-pox was at that time epidemic at Cambridge, indiscriminately attacking those who had previously either the small-pox or the cow-pox. In one instance, in which Sir Isaac maintained that the case was the small-pox, a child at the next door had the same disorder at that very time; though it had been covered with the small-pox only two months before; and still bore the red marks of it on every part of the body. This fact Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Farish, two eminent surgeons of Cambridge, who had distinguished themselves by their humane exertions in the cause of vaccination, can attest; and even the mothers are convinced, after comparing them together, that the disorders in both children were the same.

With a view of strengthening his argument, Sir Isaac pretended that the eruption was five or six days before it came to its height; but Mrs. Bowles, the mother of the child, positively declared the contrary. She also declared, that the eruptions were "exactly like the little blisters, which came out on his brother for a week together." This account also, was confirmed by Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Farish.

But in the present instance, their testimony is unnecessary ; for it is easy to convict Sir Isaac from his own mouth. After stating that the eruptions were somewhat transparent at the top, he tells us, that on the following day they were dried up, and formed into a scab. These eruptions, though somewhat transparent, he calls pustules, and tries to persuade us that they were the small pox ; but no one ever saw the small-pox transparent one day, and turned into a scab the next.

He endeavours to establish a mark of distinction between the chicken-pox and the small-pox ; but it is one which only exists in his own imagination, and not in nature. He says the vesicles in the chicken-pox are hemispherical, and the pustules in the mild sort of small-pox are conical ; but Dr. Willan, who is allowed by all the world to be a much better judge of these things than Sir Isaac, observes, that there are three varieties of the chicken-pox, the lenticular, the globate, and the conoidal, or, as Sir Isaac expresses it, the conical ; and as to the mild small-pox, it is well known to those who are acquainted with it, that it is full as often hemispherical as conoidal.

Vogel describes the chicken-pock as similar to the small-pock, but *acuminated* ; or, as Sir Isaac calls it, conical. Cullen describes the

small-pox as a plegmonous eruption; which *suppurates in eight days*, and *at length terminates in scabs*. But what occasion has Sir Isaac, or any other man, who is only a professor, and gives no lectures, to trouble his head about Vogel or Cullen.

Notice of the late alarm excited at Cambridge by the enemies of vaccination, and of the dreadful ravages of the small-pox in consequence of that alarm, having been received by the Royal Jennerian Society, together with a request that they would send some of their members to investigate the cases of supposed failure, Mr. Ring and Mr. Blair were desired to undertake this office.

A despicable scribbler in the Medical Journal, who signs his name J. Davies, but takes care not to let us know who or what he is, or where he lives, has thrown out some illiberal and scurrilous reflections on this occasion. He recommends *candour*, but does not practise what he preaches; and, if we may judge from his writings, he has not a single grain of candour in his whole composition. Had it been otherwise, instead of affirming that Mr. Ring and Mr. Blair, the deputation at Cambridge, make it their particular business to represent vaccination as “infallible,” he would *candidly* have acknowledged, that they have at all times

been ready to confess the failures of vaccination, when convinced of them.

As a proof of this, they have published failures in the Medical Journal itself. They also signed the Report of the Jennerian Society on this very subject, in which the occasional occurrence of failures was admitted; and as this Report was also signed by Dr. Adams, one of the editors of the Journal,* he must have been conscious, when he inserted this article, that he was inserting a falsehood. It is well known that Dr. Adams, the new editor of the Journal, bears them a grudge, on account of their opposing him in his dissemination of "Morbid Poisons," at the Small-pox Hospital; where he has long been exhibiting a double face, alternately praising and dispraising vaccination, and blowing hot and cold with the same mouth. We therefore advise him, when he publishes such a calumny again, to publish also the residence of the author, lest it should be supposed to be the produce of his own malignity.

His refusal to admit Mr. Blair's answer, in his own words, is no proof of *his* candour. It reminds us of his former conduct, when he pretended to be a great stickler for vaccination,

* See Ring's Answer to Birch, p. 33.

in order to obtain the votes of Dr. Jenner and his friends, and secure his election at the Small-pox Hospital; and at the very same time, with unparalleled duplicity, wrote a complimentary review of Dr. Moseley's trash for the Journal, which he knew would be attributed to Dr. Bradley and Dr. Batty, then editors of the work, in which he recommended *a general inoculation of the small-pox*.

This Journal has rendered considerable service to the cause of vaccination; but it is suspected by many people, that Sir Richard has been hatching mischief, ever since he took Dr. Adams under his wing. It was then gravely announced, that the reviewing department would still continue in the same hands; a circumstance which will enable Dr. Adams still to gratify his ambition, and his revenge, by puffing off his own publications, and depreciating those of his opponents. A gentleman assures us, that he saw Dr. Adams's review of his own book in his own hand-writing, before publication. How long the reviewing department of the Medical Journal will be in his hands, we know not; but we are sure it never can be in worse.

Not only Mr. Ring and Mr. Blair, but the whole Jennerian Society, which contains some of the brightest ornaments of the medical

profession, and of society at large, are calumniated by that contemptible upstart, J. Davies; and the hirelings of the Journal have neither shewn their sense, nor a sense of justice, nor consulted the interest of their master, when they inserted such a slander.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?

This is not the first instance, in which the editors of that publication have deviated from the justice and impartiality, which they ought on all occasions to observe. In some instances they have garbled the letters sent to them for insertion, either to serve their own views, or those of their party; in others they have attacked the moral or professional characters of respectable individuals, and refused to insert a reply. Their punishment has been long delayed, but it will fall the heavier at last:

*raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede poena claudo.*

Almost every eminent practitioner has already withdrawn his correspondence and patronage from the work, though he has only Hobson's choice; for as to the two other medical journals, the Medical Observer and the Medical Spectator, published in the metropolis, both of

which are bantlings of Dr. Reece, the Medical-Chest man, bandied about from one proprietor to another, and from one editor to another, till nobody knows on one day, who will be the editor or the proprietor on the next, no man of any character will write in them. As to the Observer, though Mr. Lipscomb, alias Dr. Lipscomb, has retired, Dr. Walker is its "constant reader," and his own panegyrist; and Dr. Moseley and Mr. Birch are its constant correspondents. It is there they vent their venom on the College of Physicians, and on vaccination.

J. Davies is so arrogant and conceited as to suppose, that the Jennerian Society can do nothing without his advice and assistance: he thinks they should not have sent two of their own champions on this errand, but two parties of contrary opinions. We therefore desire him to inform us, whether, on any future occasion, he would wish the members of the society, which is honoured with the patronage of all the Royal Family, to be seen in company with any of the miscreants, called anti-vaccinists; one of whom has narrowly escaped the pillory, and only escaped it by perjury, and another has narrowly escaped the gallows.

J. Davies admits, that Dr. Rowley's cases are the unconnected effusions of a mind poisoned

by extravagant opinions; yet he is so ignorant as to suppose, that the public will think some attention due to him, as the author of a publication, called the New School of Medicine. This reminds us of Dr. Rowley's own pamphlet on the cow-pox, in which he observes, that some people act as if they supposed all the rest of the world to be fools. This is precisely the case with J. Davies; for had he not supposed the public to be fools, he would not offer so gross an insult to their understanding. No man of common sense will pay more attention to the unconnected effusions of Dr. Rowley, than to the unconnected effusions of J. Davies.

As to Dr. Adams, the new editor of the Journal, who is now so highly advanced in rank and dignity, and bears his blushing honours thick about him, we wish to be informed, whether he imbibed his extraordinary knowledge behind his counter, when he was an apothecary in Basinghall Street, or whether he derived it from inspiration. We have never heard that he drew it from the fountains of learning at any university; and can hardly conceive that he acquired it at Madeira, where he saw cow-pocks, a month after their time, every where but on the arm; or in the Small-pox Hospital, where he saw small-pocks nowhere but on the arm. The latter he calls pearl-pocks; but he keeps them

all for his own use, and takes care not to cast his pearls before swine.

Dr. Adams says, that with respect to eruptions in the cow-pox, he is content to stand on the same footing with Dr. Woodville. Mr. Ring has shewn, in his Treatise on the cow-pox, that Dr. Woodville stands on very slippery footing; and in the Medical Journal, that Dr. Adams does not stand on any footing at all; and Mr. Young has shown in the Medical Journal, that his hypothesis about hydatids in cancer has no better foundation, than his visionary notions about the small-pox and the cow-pox.

Mr. Guest's welcome-guest, Mr. De Maine-duc's animal magnetism, Mr. Perkins's metallic tractors, and Dr. Moseley's instructions for inoculation, his panacean pills, and ginger powder, are great humbugs; but they are nothing in comparison of the pearl pock, and other feats of conjuration, brought forward at the Pancras Theatre by Dr. Adams. The Bottle-conjurer was a surprising man; but he did not blow hot and cold with the same mouth; nor write on the two sorts of inoculation in such a manner, as to leave his readers in doubt which to prefer. As to Dr. Adams himself, he is like the Scotch bishop, who was offered his choice of Bath and Wells. He prefers *Both*.

Some people have more penetration than we can pretend to, and can discover wonderful genius in his writings; which is the more extraordinary, if he was only bred an apothecary, as is commonly reported; but, for our own parts, we are so dull of apprehension as to coincide in opinion with some of the reviewers. One half of his doctrines we do not understand; the other half we do not believe.

When he was going to settle at Madeira, he was admitted as an extra licentiate in Warwick Lane. This is a pretty feather in the cap of an apothecary; and as the examination is only in English, and the practitioner who is decorated with it quits the metropolis, it is a bauble easily procured by means of a friend at court, or rather a friend in the college. Dr. Adams also dignified himself with a diploma; but it is not certain, whether it was purchased at St. Andrew's, or at Aberdeen where Dr. Brodum purchased his diploma, or at that celebrated university, where one diploma was purchased for a horse, and another for an ass.

This, however, is certain, that when the College granted him a licence to kill game, they never conceived he would have the audacity to return to the metropolis, to become a physician of the Small-pox Hospital and the Finsbury Dispensary; to poach on their premises,

to kill game on their manor, and to tread on their heels.

When he began to practice as a physician in London, one of the censors assured us, that we should not see him practice in that manner a twelvemonth; meaning, that he should be checked in his career, like other irregulars, from Dr. Campbell and Dr. Clarke down to Dr. Squirrel and Dr. Reece; and even down to Dr. Brodum, and the notorious John Walker. This, however, was but an empty menace; for several years have elapsed; and instead of being interdicted in his practice, and again banished from the metropolis, he has been vested with new honours, and elected a licentiate, by that very College whose power he defied.

This statement would have been perfectly incredible; and we should have thought it mere irony, and a satire on him, as well as a libel on the College, particularly on Sir Lucas Pepys, the President, by whom he was proposed; had not Dr. Adams announced his own triumph, in a most pompous and ostentatious manner, in the very *Journal* of which he is the under journeyman, by telling the world, that a physician is admitted to town practice, on such respectable recommendation, and that this physician is

Dr. Adams. On this occasion we must say, that Dr. Adams is the last man in the world, whom we expected to be admitted to this privilege; and that Sir Lucas Pepys is the last man in the world, whom we expected to propose him.

Audentes fortuna juvat. Instead of provoking persecution, by his defiance of the College, and drawing down their vengeance on his devoted head, as other poor devils of irregulars had done, he is exalted, as it were, by a magic wand, above all the apothecaries, and all the surgeons, in Great Britain. As to his assertion, that he is admitted to town practice by the College, this is a mere puff, and a false pretence; for he long ago admitted himself to all the town practice which he could get, particularly to inoculation of both kinds, and attendance in the natural small-pox, from which he has reaped a plentiful harvest, having first sown the seed of that fatal pestilence.

The governors of the Small-pox Hospital hesitated to admit him as a candidate for the office of Physician to that institution. They did not know how easily a counterfeit may be stamped, like a dollar, at the mint in Warwick Lane, and converted into current coin.

The College appear to have acted, on this occasion, rather from whim or caprice, than

from reason; and to have determined to shew the world what they could do. Of this, however, we are perfectly convinced, and so is all the world, that if the College had followed the example of other learned societies, and elected Dr. Jenner instead of Dr. Adams, they would have enrolled the favourite pupil of John Hunter among their licentiates; and not the mere echo of that great man. But perhaps, the college may think proper to postpone such improvements in their internal economy, till the period of medical reform.

*Investigation of the pretended Failures at
Cambridge.*

When the deputation of the Jennerian Society arrived at Cambridge, they waited on their correspondent Mr. Thackeray, the principal friend of vaccination at that place; by whom they were introduced to Sir Isaac Pennington, whom they soon discovered to be the principal enemy of the practice in that part of the kingdom.

When they had produced their credentials to Sir Isaac, he took up a large sheet list of names; and asked whether there were not two Jennerian Societies in London? On which a member of the Deputation replied, that there was a

genuine society of this description ; but that a spurious one had lately sprung up, calling itself the London Vaccine Institution. Sir Isaac then remarked, that he saw the names of several respectable persons in this society, which was readily admitted : but at the same time it was observed, that the names and subscriptions of many of those persons were obtained by false pretences ; and that others were set down as patrons, without their consent, and contrary to their express injunction.

Those distinguished characters, among whom were the Duke of Richmond, the President, and Mr. Rose, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, Vice-presidents, when their patronage was solicited for a vaccine institution, little suspected that it was solicited for an institution hostile to Dr. Jenner ; an institution founded for the sake of an impostor ; and that their names were to serve as a decoy to other patrons and other subscribers. We have already mentioned, that the Duke of Richmond, who subscribed fifty guineas, had withdrawn his name from this impostor. He and his colleagues have several times advertised his Grace as President of their institution, since he withdrew his patronage ; but they have discontinued that presumptuous and unwarrantable manœuvre, since we announced in

our last number that his Grace had deserted them. Their institution, however, is of the hydra kind; for no sooner is one head lopped off, than six others, all obtained by the same fraudulent pretences, start up in its room.

Sir Isaac, who knew no more of Vaccine Institutions than of Vaccine Inoculation, or Medical Observers, asked no more questions; but immediately began abusing the London practitioners, the College of Physicians, and the writers on Vaccination. He said it appeared to him, that the only view of the London practitioners, in adopting vaccination, was to procure a parliamentary reward for Dr. Jenner; that the letter circulated by the College of Physicians to collect evidence on vaccination was couched in such terms, as if they only wished to collect favourable evidence on the subject; and that when the writers on vaccination compared the cow-pox with the small-pox, they compared it only with the natural disorder, and not with that produced by inoculation.

The folly and absurdity of these assertions are so great, that it may be doubted whether they deserved an answer: but with whatever contempt the Deputation looked on a man, who dared to utter so foul a calumny, they thought it their duty to tell him, that the London

practitioners had no interest in obtaining parliamentary rewards for Dr. Jenner, nor the College of Physicians in being partial to his practice; that in the circular letter which they had seen, the College solicited evidence on the subject of vaccination generally, whether favourable or unfavourable; and that many writers on vaccination, whose works they had read, compared the inoculation of the cow-pock with the inoculation of the small pox, as well as with the natural disorder.

One of the members of the Deputation then asked Sir Isaac, whether he recollected any writer on vaccination, who had not compared it with the inoculated small-pox; to which he replied, "they are so numerous, that it is unnecessary to mention any one in particular."

This shuffling and evasive answer convinced the Deputation, that they had something worse than ignorance to contend with at Cambridge; that Sir Isaac, although he had not studied the divine art of vaccination, which is daily blotting out so great a portion of human misery, had studied other arts; and not studied them in vain. Conscious of his inability to make good his assertions, he changed the subject; and said, he had seen above twenty cases of small-pox, at Cambridge, after the cow-pox. He then talked about cases of small-pox in which there was no eruption; and cases of cow-

pox, in which there was no inflammation of the arm.

It was suggested by Mr. Thackeray, that some of these cases, which Sir Isaac called the small-pox, had in reality been the chicken-pox. A short discussion then took place, in which Sir Isaac endeavoured to support his opinion by that of the late Dr. Heberden; and one of the members of the Deputation endeavoured to support his opinion by that of Dr. Willan. This he did in the most respectful terms, and with more deference than Sir Isaac deserved; but, finding himself worsted in the argument, Sir Isaac lost his temper, and took fire at it; exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I perceive that you come here for the sake of cavilling and quibbling, and not to ascertain the truth." One of the Deputation then instantly rose, and said, if this is Sir Isaac's opinion, it is unnecessary to give him any farther trouble.

Anxious, however, to discharge the important trust reposed in them, the Deputation asked him to give them a list of the failures which he supposed to have taken place; to which he replied, Mr. Thackeray attended most of the cases; and he can give the best account of them. Thus ended the conference; in which Sir Isaac's inferiority was so very apparent, that it was no great wonder he brought it to an abrupt conclusion.

[*To be continued.*]





